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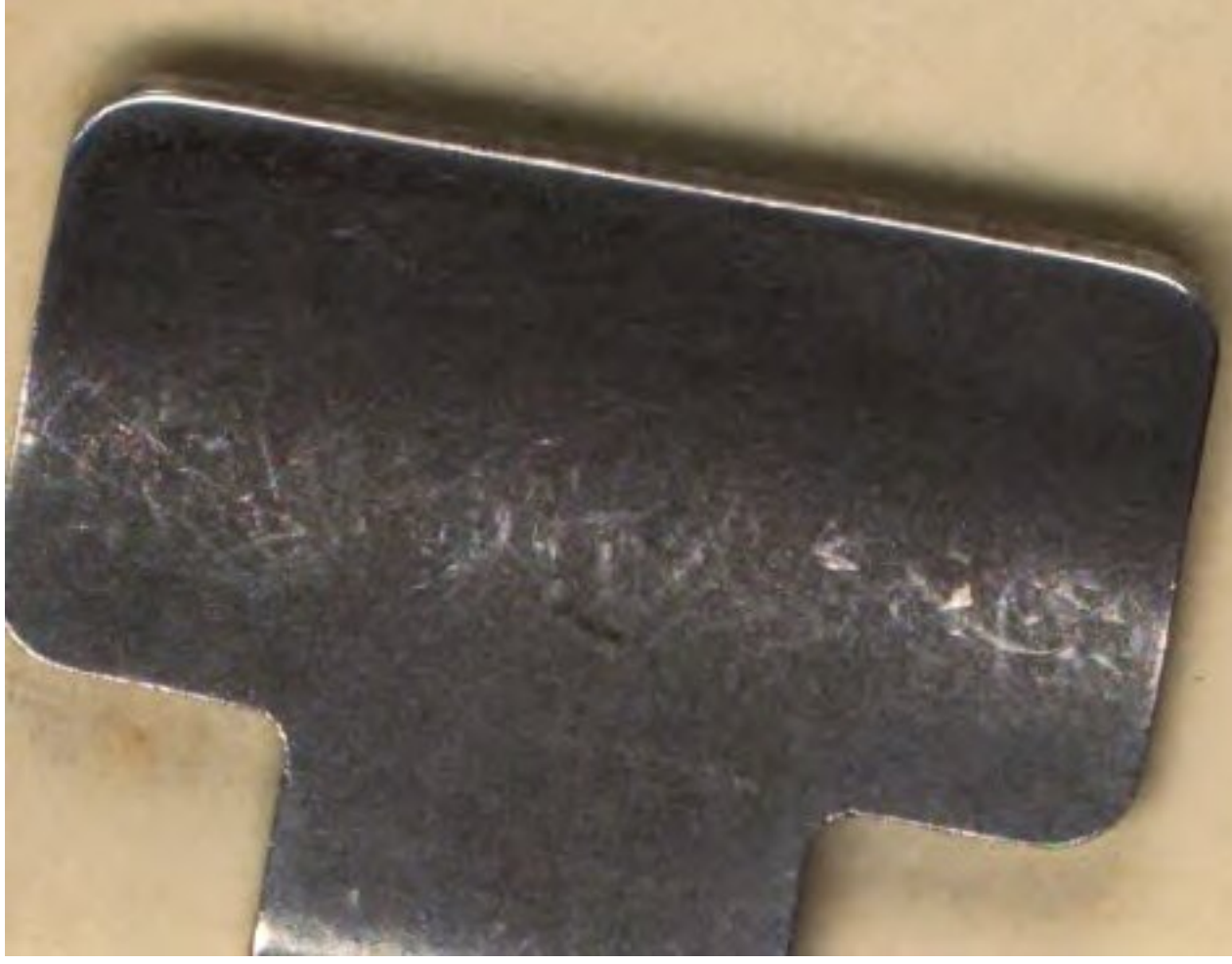

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REMARKS.

THIS alteration of Cibber's *Nonjuror*, by Bickerstaffe, was acted at Drury Lane, 1768. The ingenious alterer says, in his preface, that he should be under no obligation to answer objections to his play, being accountable for none of its faults, as he claims none of its beauties.

The *Nonjuror*, written to expose a party, would not interest the present age, because the folly and roguery it was designed to ridicule no longer exist; but the substitution, for Doctor Wolf, of the Tartuffe of Moliere, (Doctor Cantwell of the Hypocrite) has rendered it agreeable to modern times. Little more than the character of Mawworm was written by Bickerstaffe, and that principally for the sake of the comic talent of Weston.

It is a valuable trait of this comedy, that it carefully distinguishes between rational piety, and the hypocrisy, fanaticism, and outrageous pretensions to sanctity, which it so severely satirises.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Drury Lane, 1814.

Sir John Lambert .....Mr. Powell.
Doctor Cantwell .....Mr. Dowton.
Colonel Lambert .....Mr. Wrench.
Darnley .....Mr. Holland.
Seyward .....Mr. Barnard.
Mawworm .....Mr. Oxberry.

Old Lady Lambert .....Mrs. Sparks.
Young Lady Lambert .....Mrs. Orger.
Charlotte .....Mrs. Edwin.
Betty .....Mrs. Chatterley.

SCENE.—London.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

THE HYPOCRITE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. A HALL IN SIR JOHN LAMBERT'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir John Lambert and Colonel Lambert.

Col. L. PRAY consider, sir.

Sir J. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. L. I do not dispute your authority, sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister? has not she received them?—Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you I do not like his character; he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. L. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you please to inquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Oh, you go to church! you go to church!—Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. L. Well but, dear sir—

Sir J. Colonel, you are an Atheist.

Col. L. Pardon me, sir, I am none: it is a character I abhor; and next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.

Sir J. Oh, you do so; an enthusiast!—this is the fashionable phrase, the bye-word, the nick-name, that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col. L. Say, canting, sir.

Sir J. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Col. L. So says the charitable doctor Cantwell; you have taken him into your house, and in return he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Do not abuse the doctor, colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers.—He holds up the glass to your enormities, shows you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. L. I always respect piety and virtue, sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be such as make much noise about their valour; so, I apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal much in grimace.

Sir J. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. L. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know, by what authority the doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. That is no business of yours, sir.—But, I am better informed.—However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. L. Zeal!

Sir J. Why, colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. L. I own I cannot see with temper, sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and show an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this.

Sir J. Colonel, let me hear no more; I see you are

too hardened to be converted now: but since you think it your duty, as a son, to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for yours. If you think fit to amend them, so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. L. Well, sir, may I ask you, without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister?

Sir J. Are they not flagrant? would you have me marry my daughter to a Pagan?

Col. L. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present as a mediator of articles be-

Sir J. I am glad to hear it. [tween you.

Col. L. That's kind indeed, sir.

Sir J. May be not, sir; for I will not be at home when he comes: and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I'll go out this moment.

Col. L. Nay, dear sir—

Sir J. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him either, tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—In short, I have another man in my head for her. [*ex*

Col. L. Another man! It would be worth or while to know him: pray heaven this canting hypocr has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for h I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the se tlement I can hope for from my father is a castle in the air.—My sister may be ruined too—here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter Charlotte.

Sister, good morrow; I want to speak with you.

Char. Pr'ythee then, dear brother, don't put on that wise, politic face, as if your regiment was going to be

disbanded, or sent to the West Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. L. Come, come, a truce with your raillery: what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Char. Well, then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. L. Why it is, and it is not, upon that subject.

Char. Oh, I love a riddle dearly—Come—let's hear it.

Col. L. Nay, pshaw! if you will be serious, say so.

Char. O lard, sir! I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features, totally disengaged and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you think fit. [*leans on him awkwardly.*

Col. L. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—Pr'ythee, stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Char. Are you serious?

Col. L. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Char. I am glad on't, with all my heart.

Col. L. How! glad!

Char. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? no, sir, if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now, he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too—Oh! I like it mightily.

Col. L. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley—but my father's consent might have clapped a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Char. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and

have not I twenty thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. L. Yes, sister; but with all your charms, you have had them in your hands almost these four years.

Char. Pshaw! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? but if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlicked lout—a comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise for a wager. [any other man to you?

Col. L. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed

Char, Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. L. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Char. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother.

Col. L. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised.

Char. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. L. Why how now, sister?

Char. Why sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. L. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Char. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you; I make no more of you than a sister: I can say any thing to you.

Col. L. I should have been better pleased, if you had not owned it to me—it's a hateful character.

Char. Ay, it's no matter for that, it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of.

Col. L. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you. [father intends me?

Char. Well, but don't you really know who it is my

Col. L. Not I, really; but I imagined you might,

and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Char. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet—are you sure he is gone out?

Col. L. You are very impatient to know, methinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Char. O lud! O lud! pr'ythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeased to hear there were two people about it? besides, to be a little serious, Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col. L. Oh, your servant, madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concerned enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending; ha! ha!

Char. Concerned! why, did I say that?—look you, I'll deny it all to him—well, if ever I'm serious with him again— [please.

Col. L. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you

Enter Darnley.

Darn. My dear colonel, your servant.

Col. L. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have pressed your affair—I touched upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself obliged to your friendship, let my success be what it will—Madam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray?

Char. [*reading*] "Her lively looks a sprightly mind Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—" [disclose;

Darn. Pray, madam, what is't?

Char. "Favours to none, to all she smiles extends—"

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Char. "Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

Col. L. Have a care: she has dipped into her own

character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn. I beg your pardon, madam.

Char. "Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike." Um—um—

Darn. That is something like indeed.

Col. L. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what? pray what do you mean? [diately.

Col. L. Have a little patience: I'll tell you imme-

Char. "If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face—and you'll forget them all."
Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Char. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion and her power?

Darn. So that you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her.

Char. Certainly; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed!

Darn. There we differ, madam; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Char. Oh, d'ye hear him, brother? the creature reasons with me; nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well, my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Char. Am I not a vain, silly creature, Mr. Darnley?

Darn. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Char. Laud! how can you love a body so then? but I don't think you love me though—do you?

Darn. Yes, faith, I do; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Char. Poor man! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would indeed.—Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable—

Char. O lud! he's civil—

Darn. Come, come, you have good sense; use me but with that, and make me what you please. [not I.

Char. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing of you,

Darn. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Char. Ah, laud! now you have spoiled all again:—besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of?

Darn. What riddle's this?

Col. L. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you.—In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister; and in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her. [name him?

Darn. Another man! who? what is he? did not he

Col. L. No; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister. [him this sudden turn?

Darn. This is unaccountable!—what can have given

Col. L. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life. [friendship for me.

Darn. He! he can't be such a villain; he professes a

Col. L. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason, what interest, can he have to oppose me?

Col. L. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be?

Char. You are a strange dunce, brother—you know no more of love than I do of a regiment—You shall see

now how I'll comfort him—Poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Char. O lud! how sentimentious he is! well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give is insupportable.—

Enter Betty.

Betty, is the tea ready?

Bet. Yes, madam.

Char. Mr. Darnley, your servant. [*ex. Charl. and Bet.*

Col. L. So; you have made a fine piece of work on't, indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me if I speak a little freely; I own the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. L. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had she any real concern for me, the apprehensions of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to some degree of seriousness.

Col. L. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Darn. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. L. No, no; she's giddy, but not capable of so studied a falsehood. [so abruptly?

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away

Col. L. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. L. You should have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate. [on her side.

Col. L. No—if you could, the uneasiness would lie

Darn. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. L. Ay, marry, sir—ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now; Lord! how you could love her!

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Col. L. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us? [sweet a disposition—

Col. L. I dare say she is not. She's of so soft, so

Darn. Pr'ythee, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. L. Want of fortune, Frank: she was poor and beautiful—he, rich and amorous—she made him happy, and he her—

Darn. A lady—

Col. L. And a jointure—now she's the only one in the family that has power with our precise doctor; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from any thing that is against your interest. By the way, you must know I have some shrewd suspicion that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love!

Col. L. You shall judge by the symptoms—but hush! —here he comes with my grandmother—step this way, and I'll tell you. [*exeunt.*

Enter Doctor Cantwell, old Lady Lambert, and Seyward.

Dr. C. Charles, step up into my study; bring down a dozen more of those manuals of devotion, with the last hymns I composed; and, when he calls, give them to Mr. Mawworm; and, do you hear, if any one inquires for me, say I am gone to Newgate, and the Marshalsea, to distribute alms. [*exit Seyward.*

Old Lady L. Well but, worthy doctor, why will

you go to the prisons yourself—cannot you send the money?—ugly distempers are often catched there—have a care of your health; let us keep one good man, at least, amongst us.

Dr. C. Alas, madam, I am not a good man; I am a guilty, wicked sinner, full of iniquity; the greatest villain that ever breathed; every instant of my life is clouded with stains; it is one continued series of crimes and defilements; you do not know what I am capable of; you indeed take me for a good man; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady L. Have you then stumbled? alas! if it be so, who shall walk upright? what horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-accrimination?

Dr. C. None, madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous; yet am I sure, that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations? do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth? am I not often hasty, and surprised into wrath? nay, the instance is recent; for last night, being snarled at and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady L. Oh! worthy, humble soul! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I want to suffer; I ought to be mortified; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family; I am pampered too much here, live too much at my ease.

Old Lady L. Good doctor!

Dr. C. Alas, madam! it is not you that should shed tears; it is I ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady L. I pure! who, I? no, no; sinful, sinful —but do not talk of quitting our family; what will become of us—for friendship—for charity—

Dr. C. Enough; say no more, madam; I submit; while I can do good, it is my duty.

Enter Colonel Lambert and Darnley.

Col. L. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady L. Grandson, how do you?

Darn. Good day to you, doctor!

Dr. C. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant; I hope you and the good colonel will stay and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, no; it is too early; the sun has not risen upon them; but, I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. C. I warrant, they would go to a play now!

Old Lady L. Would they—I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady L. Me, sir! see me at a play! you may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps—

Darn. Well but, madam— [commit murder?

Old Lady L. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would

Dr. C. No, sir, no; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast; but a playhouse is the devil's hot-bed—

Col. L. And yet, doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren—as in case of a benefit—

Dr. C. The charity covereth the sin: and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort

Col. L. Ha, ha, ha! [of the righteous.

Dr. C. Reprobate! reprobate!

Col. L. What is that you mutter, sirrah?

Old Lady L. Oh heavens!

Darn. Let him go, colonel.

Col. L. A canting hypocrite!

Dr. C. Very well, sir; your father shall know my treatment. [*exit.*

Old Lady L. Let me run out of the house; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. O grandson! grandson! [*exit.*

Darn. Was there ever such an insolent rascal!

Col. L. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he? whence comes he? —what is his original?—how has he so ingratiated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. L. Oh, sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that's just gone out. You know, she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where it seems she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint; and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Hah! here's your sister again.

Re-enter Charlotte and Doctor Cantwell.

Char. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. L. What's the matter? [to me.

Char. Nothing; pray be quiet.—I don't want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

Col. L. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. C. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who, being informed that you were

entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. C. So, for what I have done, madam, I had authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Char. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority to insult me; or, if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your function? does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Dr. C. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady

Char. I'll send him none by you.

Dr. C. I shall inform him so. [*exit.*

Char. A saucy puppy!

Col. L. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Char. Nothing.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, madam.

Char. Nay, no great matter—but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing-room—a—a fastening my garter, and this impudent cur comes bounce in upon me—

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. L. Yet, 'egad, I cannot help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure she must make—ha! ha!

Char. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Char. What does he say, brother?

Col. L. Why, he wants to have me speak to you; and I would have him do it himself. [now.

Char. Ay, come, do, Darnley; I am in a good humour

Darn. Oh, Charlotte! my heart is bursting—

Char. Well, well; out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us—nay, what's worse perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you.—

Char. Well—O lud! one looks so silly though when

ne is so serious—O dear,—in short, I cannot get it out.

Col. L. I warrant you; try again.

Char. O lud—well—if one must be teased, then—hy, he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is't possible!—thus—

Col. L. Buz—not a syllable; she has done very ell. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll old six to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenced.

Char. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Char. He's in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find.

Col. L. 'Sdeath! here he comes.

Char. Now we are all in a fine pickle.

nter Sir John Lambert hastily; and, looking sternly at Darnley, akes Charlotte under his arm, and carries her off. [*exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE 1. AN ANTICHAMBER AT SIR J. LAMBERT'S.

Enter Seyward, with a writing in his hand.

Sey. 'Tis so—I have long suspected where his zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune. But hen, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children!—shudder at the villany! What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited!—Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wronged; wronged in the tenderest point: for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling, unless she marries with the doctor's consent; which is intended, by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to marry the doctor himself. Now, 'twere but an honest part to let Charlotte know the snare that's laid for her. This deed's not signed, and may be yet prevented. It shall be so.

Enter Sir John Lambert, Lady Lambert, and Charlotte.

Sir J. Oh! Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Sey. Sir, I'll wait on him. [*exit.*

Char. A pretty, well-bred fellow, that.

Sir J. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his

Char. He's always clean too. [good breeding.

Sir J. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph—well bred and clean, forsooth. Would not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady L. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continued round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously, and marry.

Char. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Um—That I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Char. And, of all the world, sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady L. You have rage courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frightened out of my wits.

Char. Lord! madam, he'll make nothing of it, depend upon it. [*aside.*

Sir J. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say—first, in his public character, is religious, zealous,

Char. Very well, sir. [and charitable.

Sir J. In his private character, sober.

Char. I should hate a sot.

Sir J. Chaste.

Char. A hem! [*stifling a laugh.*

Sir J. What is it you sneer at, madam? You want one of your fine gentleman rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with.

Char. No, no, sir; I am very well satisfied.—I—I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir J. No, you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years—he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanity will have no charms for him.

Char. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes? Does he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis? Has he six prancing ponies? Does he wear the prince's uniform, and subscribe to Brookes's?

Sir J. Was there ever so profligate a creature? What will this age come to!

Lady L. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his

Sir J. Right. [own person.

Lady L. It is not how he looks, but how he loves,

Sir J. Good again. [is the point.

Lady L. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir J. Admirable! go on, my dear.

Lady L. Do you think a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of

Sir J. Mark that! [five-and-twenty?

Char. Ay, but when two five-and-twenties come

together—dear papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicsome.

Sir J. Frolicsome! Why, you sensual idiot, what have frolics to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you.—Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school.—Frolicsome! as if marriage was only a license for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face.—Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Char. Lord, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do, is as consistent with mine.—Your wise people may talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all; and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. O horrible! My poor sister has ruined her: leaving her fortune in her own hands, has turned her brain. In short, Charlotte, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation: therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for, in one word, the good and pious doctor Cantwell's the man I have decreed for your husband.

Char. Ho! ho! ho!

Sir J. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth—no more—give me a serious answer.

Char. I ask your pardon, sir; I should not have smiled indeed, could I suppose it possible that you

Sir J. You'll find me so. [were serious.

Char. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objection to

the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Name it. [he's not worth a groat.

Char. Why, sir, we know nothing of his fortune;

Sir J. That's more than you know, madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll

Char. How, sir? [deserve.

Sir J. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter Seyward.

Sey. Sir, if you are at leisure, the doctor desires to speak with you, upon business of importance.

Sir J. Where is he?

Sey. In his own chamber, sir.

Sir J. I will come to him immediately.—[*exit Seyward*]—Daughter, I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I am no more your father, [*exit.*

Char. O madam! I am at my wit's end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father, but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady L. Here's your brother.

Enter Colonel Lambert.

Col. L. Madam, your most obedient——Well, sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you?

Char. Even our agreeable doctor.

Col. L. You are not serious?

Lady L. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir.

Col. L. Confusion! what would the cormorant devour the whole family? Your ladyship knows he is secretly

Lady L. Fie, fie, colonel. [in love with you too.

Col. L. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady L. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but, I must own, his behaviour to me of late, both in private and before company, has been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. L. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried? [to be so termagant.

Char. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman

Col. L. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the country he used to make the maids lock up the turkey-cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady L. Oh! ridiculous!

Col. L. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Char. I tell you so, impudent—

Lady L. Fie, Charlotte; he only jests with you.

Char. How can you be such a monster, to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits? You don't know perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. L. What do you mean? [he said so.

Lady L. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since

Col. L. Nay then, 'tis time indeed his eyes were opened; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in

Lady L. What is't you propose? [your power.

Col. L. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare it, and leave me to make my advantage.

Lady L. I should be loth to do a wrong thing—

Char. Dear madam, it is the only way in the world

Lady L. I'll think of it. [to expose him to my father.

Col. L. Pray do, madam; but in the mean time I must leave you—poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna, and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Char. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grandmother. [*exit Colonel Lambert.*

Enter old Lady Lambert.

Lady L. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady L. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham-court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident happened to the family since I was

Lady L. Accident! did your ladyship say? [here last.

Old Lady L. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof, that will bring temporal punishments along

Lady L. Indeed, madam, you astonish me! [with them.

Old Lady L. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you, Miss Charlotte; I see you have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Char. Wear it for, madam! it's the fashion.

Old Lady L. In short, I have been at my linen draper's to-day, and have bought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of—for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady L. Indecent, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady L. Yes, daughter-in-law, doctor Cantwell complains to me that he can't sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so; and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Char. Yes, indeed, I believe he does, better than any one in this house. But you may tell the doctor from me, madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb, a puppy, and deserves to have his bones broke.

Old Lady L. Fie, Charlotte, fie! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Char. Grateful return, madam!—how can you be so partial to that bypocrite?—The doctor is one of those

who start at a feather.—Poor good man! yet he has his vices of the graver sort—

Old Lady L. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precept, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches.—Virtuous man!—Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he weaned me from temporal connections! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary: and, I thank heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Char. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much obliged to the doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady L. Well, child, I have nothing more to say to you at present; heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady L. But pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady L. No, daughter, I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady L. Your ladyship's time is your own.

Char. Ay, here's that abominable doctor.—This fellow puts me beyond my patience. [*ex. Lady L. and Char.*

Enter Sir John Lambert and Doctor Cantwell.

Sir J. Oh, madam, madam! I'm glad you're here to join me in solicitations to the doctor.—Here is my mother, friend, my mother; a pious woman; you will hear her, more worthy to advise you than I am.

Dr. C. Alas! the dear good lady, I will kiss her hand!—but what advice can she give me? The riches of this world, sir, have no charms for me; I am not dazzled with their false glare; and was I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should fall into

wicked hands, who would not lay it out as I would do; for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady L. What's the matter, son?

Dr. C. Nothing, madam; nothing.—But you were witness how the worthy colonel treated me this morning—Not that I speak it on my own account—for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. O the villain! the villain!

Dr. C. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady L. Ah! your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister too, has been here this moment, abusing this good man.

Dr. C. O sir, 'tis plain; 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour: and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches. [his eyes!

Old Lady L. See; if the good man does not wipe

Dr. C. Oh heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick—but I'll remove this eye-sore—here, Charles!

Enter Seyward.

Sir J. For goodness sake— [this morning.

Dr. C. Bring me that writing, I gave you to lay up

Sir J. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be signed this moment. [*exit Seyward.*

Dr. C. Not for the world, sir John—every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions—I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir J. But consider, doctor—shall my wicked son then be heir to my lands, before repentance has entitled him to favour—No, let him depend upon you, whom he has wronged; perhaps, in time he may reflect on his father's justice, and be reconciled to your rewarded

virtues.—If heaven should at last reclaim him, in you I know he still would find a fond forgiving father.

Dr. C. The imagination of so blest an hour, softens me to a tenderness I cannot support!

Old Lady L. Oh! the dear good man.

Sir J. With regard to my daughter, doctor, you know she is not wronged by it; because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady L. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. C. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distress: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her—Maids must be gently dealt with—and might I humbly advise—

Sir J. Any thing you will: you shall govern me and her. [the matter rest awhile.

Dr. C. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let

Sir J. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear, from their own sex, what sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. C. Then, with your permission, sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my lady.

Sir J. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it. [*exit.*

Dr. C. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Enter Seyward.

Sey. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady L. Oh pray, doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter Mawworm.

—How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish indeed; the world and I can't agree—I got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thanks you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. C. Hush, friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this. [*offers a purse to Maw.*

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given to her. [*takes it.*

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—I'm a breaking my heart—I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady L. Why if you think it a sin, indeed—pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brickdust, and the like. [friendly director here.

Old Lady L. Well, you must consult with your

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already; I does them extrumpery, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils indeed—but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men; and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady L. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got upon Kennington-common, the last review day; but the boys threw brickbats at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to

mount ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this, doctor? throw brick-bats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so—says I, I does nothing clandecently; I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charge you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

Old Lady L. And had it no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses: but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance further into the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off; and that sheep shall become a shepherd: nay, if it be only as it were a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady L. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. C. Yes, madam; but there is the matter, and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint—till I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin, like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I used to go, every Sunday evening, to the Three Hats at Islington! it's a public-house! mayhap, your ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady L. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter-platter, in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's-fields: I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady L. But how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into [the shop.

Old Lady L. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady L. Merciful!

Maw. And between you and me, doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. C. Thus it is, madam; I am constantly told, though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed: [*going, returns*] Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired

me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*exit.*

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door.

Enter Seyward.

Dr. C. Charles, you may lay those papers by again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Sey. I'll take care, sir. [*exit Dr. Cant. and old Lady Lambert*]—Occasion for them this afternoon!—Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber.—What's the matter with me? the thought of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within; I'll knock again.

Enter Betty.

Is your lady busy?

Bet. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Sey. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Enter Charlotte.

Char. Who's that? [speak with you.

Bet. She's here.—Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to

Char. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he tires me. —[*exit Betty*]—How could the blind wretch make such an horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? you have read him, I suppose, in the Greek,

Sey. Not lately, madam. [Mr. Seyward?

Char. But do you so violently admire him now?

Sey. The critics say he has his beauties, madam; but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Char. Ovid—Oh, he is ravishing!

Sey. So art thou, to madness! [*aside.*

Char. Lord! how could one do, to learn Greek!—Were you a great while about it?

Sey. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Char. That's cruel, now; then you think one could not be mistress of it in a month or two?

Sey. Not easily, madam.

Char. They tell me, it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world—I fancy I could soon learn it. I know two words of it already.

Sey. Pray, madam, what are they?

Char. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—*Zoe kai psuche*.

Sey. I hope you know the English of them, madam.

Char. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it—I'm sure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray, what is it?

Sey. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress; and then indeed they have a softness in them; as thus—*Zoe kai psuche!*—my life! my soul!

Char. Oh the impudent young rogue! how his eyes spoke too! what the deuce can he want with me! [*aside*.

Sey. I have startled her!—she muses! [*aside*.

Char. It always run in my head that this fellow had something in him above his condition; I'll know immediately. [*aside*] Well, but your business with me, Mr. Seyward? you have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Sey. I never durst own it, madam.

Char. Why; what's the matter?

Sey. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Char. Oh, I love melancholy stories of all things:—pray how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward? [madam?

Sey. With doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, *Char*. Ay.

Sey. He's no uncle of mine, madam.

Char. You surprise me! not your uncle?

Sey. No, madam; but that's not the only character the doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Char. Lord! I am concerned for you.

Sey. So you would, madam, if you knew all.

Char. I am already; but if there are any further particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Sey. You treat me with so kind, so gentle a hand, that I will unbosom myself to you.—My father, madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the north; his name Trueman—but dying while I was yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependant on my mother; a woman really pious and well-meaning, but —In short, madam, doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now your father's bosom counsellor, soon became her's. She died, madam, when I was but eight years old; and then I was, in-

Char. Melancholy! [deed, left an orphan.

Sey. She left doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor; but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me: and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad; and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Char. A seminary! Oh, heavens! but why have you not strove to do yourself justice?

Sey. Thrown so young into his power, as I was—unknown and friendless, but through his means, to whom could I apply for succour? nay, madam, I will confess, that on my return to England, I was first tainted with his enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him, as others; till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or

totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do), he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours—And I believe I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one of the wickedest impostors that ever practised upon credulity.

Char. But how has the wretch dared to treat you?

Sey. In his ill and insolent humours, madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me, that I am the object of his charity; and I own, madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror.

Char. Indeed, you can't tell how I pity you; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the hands of this monster, I will.

Sey. Once more, madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Char. Lord! the poor unfortunate boy loves me too —what shall I do with him? [*aside*]—Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have in your hand?—Is it relative to—

Sey. Another instance of the conscience and gratitude which animate our worthy doctor.

Char. You frighten me! pray, what is the purport of it? Is it neither signed nor sealed—

Sey. No, madam; therefore to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you; your father gave it to the doctor first, to show his counsel; who having approved it, I understand this evening it [will be executed.

Char. But what is it?

Sey. It grants to doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house

is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate.—For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure—But your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Char. I am confounded!—What will become of us! my father now I find was serious—Oh, this insinuating hypocrite!—Let me see—ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Sey. Any thing to serve you— [*bell rings.*

Char. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, sir, step in: say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple; there shall I have time to talk further with you. [*exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. A DRESSING-ROOM, WITH TABLE AND CHAIRS.

Enter Charlotte, with Betty, taking off her cloak, &c.

Char. Has any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Bet. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said he would call again, and bid his servant stay below to give him notice when you came home.

Char. You don't know what he wanted? [ing abroad.

Bet. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your be-

Char. Well, go and lay up those things—[*exit Betty*] Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—here he comes.

Enter Darnley.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Char. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear.

Char. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, madam! Is there any thing particular in them?

Char. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe. [giving offence?

Darn. Might I not say you had been abroad, without

Char. And might I not as well say I was come home, without your being so grave upon't? [grave?

Darn. Do you know any thing that should make me

Char. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly show it to. [won't justify.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you

Char. Oh, then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that neither; perhaps I am wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Char. You don't know now perhaps that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in? [would own it.

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I

Char. Now we come to the point.—To-morrow morning then I give you my word, to let you know it all; till then, there is a necessity for its being a secret; and I insist upon your believing it.

Darn. But pray, madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time? that is not in my

power to confine; and sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Char. Don't press me; for, positively, I will not.

Darn. Will not—cannot had been a kinder term—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Char. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you dare not take my word for a day; and, if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour.—Come, come, there's nothing shows so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine; and since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave; and this despicable frame that follows you, durst show no signs of life but what you vouchsafe to give it.

Char. You are in the right: go on—suspect me still—believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself.—Why do you trouble me with your complaints? if you are master of that manly reason you have boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now, like a king in a tragedy.

Darn. Is this the end of all then? and are those tender protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when, with a kind reluctance, you gave me something more than hope—what all—Oh, Charlotte! all come to this?

Char. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle and

I shall conquer it.—So, you are not gone, I see.

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?

Char. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much—my heart can bear no more —What, am I rooted here?

Enter Seyward.

Char. At last I am relieved—Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done? [finished.

Sey. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely

Char. Where's the original?

Sey. This is it, madam.

Char. Very well; that, you know, you must keep; but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room—now I feel for him. [*exit.*

Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray, Mr. Charles, what business have you with that lady?

Sey. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Sey. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret, and a lady's too—you'll excuse me, sir! [*exit.*

Darn. 'Sdeath! to be laughed at by every body—I shall run distracted—this young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him—this is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me—but what?—Oh! I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Enter Colonel Lambert.

Col. L. What, in raptures!

Darn. Pr'ythee—I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. L. What, is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is.

Col. L. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retired this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there—the doctor's nephew. [hope?

Col. L. Why, you are not jealous of the doctor, I

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and

tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. L. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct. [real passion, for a modish lover.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much

Col. L. Come, come! make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Constitution hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly easy.

Darn. Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed!—I have a thousand things—but you shall find me there. [*exit.*

Enter Charlotte and Seyward.

Col. L. How now, sister; what have you done to Darnley? the poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Char. Pshaw! you know him well enough! I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow—you will be sure to be in the way, Mr Seyward. [full instructions. [*exit.*

Sey. Madam, you may depend upon me; I have my

Col. L. O, ho! here's the business then; and it seems Darnley was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha!—and, pr'ythee, what is the mighty secret that is transacting between Seyward and you?

Char. That's what he would have known, indeed; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. L. Pray take your own time, dear madam; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Char. Well, but hold; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley too, on some conditions; 'tis true, I did design to have surprised you—but now my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. L. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction—but here comes my lady.

Enter Lady Lambert.

Lady L. Away, away, colonel and Charlotte; both of you away this instant.

Char. What's the matter, madam?

Lady L. I am going to put the doctor to his trial, that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to-day, colonel, and am convinced it ought not to be delayed an instant; so just now I told the doctor, in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently: but must I play a traitorous part now, and instead of persuading you to the doctor, persuade the doctor against you?

Char. Dear madam, why not? one moment's truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shows the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady L. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—but, as I live, here he comes!

Char. Come then, brother, you and I will be commode, and steal off. [*ex. Char. and Col. L. who listens.*

Enter Doctor Cantwell.

Dr. C. Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's command; how happy am I that you think me worthy—

Lady L. Please to sit, sir.

Dr. C. Well but, dear lady, ha! you can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you: and how stands your precious health? is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you.

Lady L. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. C. Ah! don't say so; don't say so; you merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady L. Indeed, you overrate me. [indeed I do.

Dr. C. I speak it from my heart: indeed, indeed,

Lady L. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. C. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not hurt you for the world: no, it would be the whole business of my life—

Lady L. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. C. Ah! thou heavenly woman!

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! Here it disputes the prize with nature; that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady. L. But our business, sir, is upon another subject; sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses. [heart to me.

Lady L. Well, sir, pray be sincere, and open your

Dr. C. Open my heart! can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts?

Lady L. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed, I mean your cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do: you are above the low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so; and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other

men's, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas! madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears, and penance, to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, madam.

Lady L. Hold, sir! suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design [him?

Dr. C. You cannot be so cruel!

Lady L. Nor will, on this condition; that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

Enter Colonel Lambert.

Col. L. Villain! monster! perfidious and ungrateful traitor! your hypocrisy, your false zeal, is discovered; and I am sent here, by the hand of insulted heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Dr. C. Ha!

Lady L. O, unthinking colonel!

Col. L. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Dr. C. I have nothing to say to you, colonel, nor for you—but you shall have my prayers.

Col. L. Why, you profligate hypocrite! do you think to carry off your villany with that sanctified air?

Dr. C. I know not what you mean, sir; I have been in discourse here with my good lady, by permission of your worthy father. [to my lady?

Col. L. Dog! did my father desire you to talk of love

Dr. C. Call me not dog, colonel: I hope we are both brother Christians.—Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love: for, alas! I am but a man; yet if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot control, be sinful—

Lady L. Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up sir John; manage with him as you will at present: I will withdraw, for I have an after-game to play, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power. [*exit.*

Enter Sir John Lambert.

Sir J. What uproar is this?

Col. L. Nothing, sir, nothing; only a little broil of the good doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindnesses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. C. Why, why, sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O, be not angry, good colonel: but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Horrible, wicked, creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. C. Alas, sir, I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself hereabouts; and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, sir, on which I was to entertain her; and I might speak of my love for your daughter with more warmth than, perhaps, I ought; which the colonel overhearing, he might possibly imagine I was addressing my lady herself; for I will not suspect, no, heaven forbid, I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir J. Now, vile detracter of all virtue! is your outrageous malice confounded? what he tells you is true; he has been talking to my lady by my consent, and what he said was by my orders—Good man! be not concerned; for I see through their vile design—Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have at-

tempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Dr. C. Oh, sir John! for my sake—I will throw myself at the colonel's feet; nay, if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck. [malice?

Sir J. What, mute, defenceless, hardened in thy

Col. L. I scorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow (however cunningly he may have devised this gloss), that you are deceived—what I tell you, sir, is true—these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name! directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Villain! this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever.

Dr. C. Hold, good sir John; I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator—on my account this must not be—I grant it possible, your son loves me not; but you must grant it too as possible, he might mistake me; to accuse me then, was but the error of his virtue; you ought to love him, thank him, for his watchful care.

Sir J. O miracle of charity!

Dr. C. Come, come; such breaches must not be betwixt so good a son and father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a reconcilement.

Sir J. Hear this, perverse and reprobate! Oh! couldst thou wrong such more than moral virtue?

Col. L. Wrong him! the hardened impudence of this painted charity—

Sir J. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. L. No, sir; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet, on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it—but, sir,

I'll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [*exit.*

Sir J. Come, my friend, we'll go this instant and sign the settlement; for that wretch ought to be punished, who I now see is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Dr. C. And do you think I take your estate with such view?—No, sir—I receive it that I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by showing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries; the return of good for evil!—

Sir J. O, my dear friend! my stay and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded,

Dr. C. The will of heaven be done in all things.

Sir J. Poor, dear, man! [*exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. A PARLOUR AT SIR JOHN LAMBERT'S.

Enter Charlotte and Seyward.

Char. You were a witness, then?

Sey. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Char. And all passed without the least suspicion?

Sey. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the doctor received it with such seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Char. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligations to you.—You saw with what friendly warmth my brother heard your story; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Sey. What I have done, my duty bound me to; but pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Char. Freely.

Sey. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret, stronger, motive than barely duty?

Char. Yes.—But have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive?

Sey. Pray, pardon me; I see already I have gone too far.

Char. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again: then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall therefore always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Sey. Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Char. Ay; but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Sey. I see my folly, madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave. [*exit.*

Char. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all, and the very first, sure, that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.

Enter Lady Lambert.

Lady L. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us?—The tyranny of this subtle hypocrite is insupportable. He has so fortified himself in sir John's opinion, by his last misconduct of your brother, that I begin to lose

Char. Pray explain, madam. [my power with him.

Lady L. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the doctor shall this minute come, and be his own advocate.

Char. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake. I'm sure, he knows I shall bait him.

Lady L. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep sir John still blind to his wicked design upon me.—Therefore I come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Char. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady L. But I think I hear the doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate, keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct. [*exit.*

Char. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

Enter Betty.

Bet. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Char. Let him come in.

Enter Doctor Cantwell.

Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room.—[*exit Betty.*]—Sir, there's a seat—What can the ugly cur say to me?—he seems a little puzzled.

Dr. C. Lookye, young lady, I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Char. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. C. I'm afraid too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Char. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing.

Dr. C. Which opinion is immoveable.

Char. No rock so firm.

Dr. C. I am afraid then it will be a vain pursuit, when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Char. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. C. In other words, you hate me.

Char. Most transcendently.

Dr. C. Well, there is sincerity at least in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue, though I must say I never could perceive in you

Char. Oh, fie! you flatter me. [but very little.

Dr. C. No; I speak it with sorrow, because you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now? are we to preserve temper?

Char. Oh! never fear me, sir, I shall not fly out, being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. C. Well then, young lady, be assured so far am I from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of heaven in view.

Char. Why, I can't see, sir, how heaven can be any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. C. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Char. So I hear, indeed!—but pray, doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes?

Dr. C. I sought it not; but he would crowd it among other obligations. He is good natured; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Char. I don't understand you.

Dr. C. I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right?

Char. Once in your life, perhaps, you may.

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Char. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Char. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Char. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.—

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Char. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Char. How! two thousand pounds?

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Char. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Char. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Char. Pretty good security! On one proviso though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Char. That you immediately tell my father, that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your

father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Char. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!

Dr. C. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Char. No doubt on't.

Dr. C. Farewell, and think me your friend. [*exit.*

Char. What this fellow's original was, I know not; but by his conscience and cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Char. Desire him to walk in, [*exit Servant.*

Enter Darnley.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Char. I should have been as well pleased now, to have been thanked, as reproached, for my good nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally mean that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Char. Well, but were you not silly now?

Darn. Come, you shall not be serious: you can't be

Char. Oh! but I am serious. [more agreeable.

Darn. Then I'll be so.—Do you forgive me all?

Char. What?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte? [Seyward!

Char. O Lord; but you have told me nothing of poor

Darn. Must you needs know that, before you answer me.

Char. Lord! you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular; you shall answer nothing—Give me but your hand only.

Char. Pshaw! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is then.

Char. Lord! there, there; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by heaven!

Char. Oh, my glove! my glove! my glove! you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make such a rout with one's hand, what would you do if you had one's heart?

Darn. That's impossible to tell.—But you were asking me of Seyward, madam?

Char. Oh, ay! that's true. Well, now you are very good again.—Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. There is not much to tell—only this: we met the attorney-general, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the doctor's proceedings.—The attorney-general seems very clear in his opinion, that, as the doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was entrusted with her whole affairs, the Court of Equity will oblige him to be accountable.

Char. If Seyward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word I will.

Char. And show him to all the women of taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow, too.

Darn. I will, indeed!—but hear me—

Char. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte. [too.

Char. Lord! I had forgot, he is to teach me Greek,

Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long, Charlotte, do you think you can find new evasions for what I say unto you?

Char. Lord! you are horrid silly; but since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce—poor Darnley, I forgive you.

Enter Colonel Lambert, unobserved.

Darn. That's kind, however.—But, to complete my joy, be kinder yet—and— [ride a horse-match?

Char. Oh! I can't! I can't!—Lord! did you never

Darn. Was ever so wild a question!

Char. Because, if you have, it runs in my head you galloped a mile beyond the winning-post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now, I understand you. But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question? [before that's answered.

Char. Oh! there's a thousand points to be adjusted

Col. L. [*advances*] Name them this moment; for, positively, this is the last time of asking.

Char. Pshaw! who sent for you? [lish, my dear.

Col. L. I only came to teach you to speak plain Eng-

Char. Lord! mind your own business; can't you!

Col. L. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now!—do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for

Char. This is mighty pretty! [ever?

Col. L. You'll say so on Thursday se'nnight for (let affairs take what turn they will in the family), that's positively your wedding-day—Nay, you shan't stir.

Char. Was ever such assurance!

Darn. Upon my life, madam, I'm out of countenance! I don't know how to behave myself.

Char. No, no; let him go on only—this is beyond whatever was known, sure!

Col. L. Ha! ha! if I was to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out of countenanced figures you would make! humming and hawing upon the vul-

gar points of jointure and pin-money. Come, come, I know what's proper on both sides; you shall leave it to me. [terms to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte would name her own

Col. L. Have you a mind to any thing particular, madam?

Char. Why, sure! what do you think I'm only to be filled out as you please, and sweetened and sipped up like a dish of tea?

Col. L. Why pray, madam, when your tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it?—but you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Char. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. L. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Char. That then would complete it. [it.

Col. L. Perfectly.

Char. Why then take it, Darnley. Now I presume you are in high triumph, sir.

Col. L. No, sister; now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Char. And now I beg we may separate; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the doctor, suspicion of a confederacy, and make him set some engine at work that we are not aware of.

Col. L. It's a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley; nay, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Char. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother—or stay, Darnley; if you please, you may come along with me.

[*exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. A PARLOUR AT SIR JOHN LAMBERT'S.

Enter Darnley and Charlotte.

Char. But really, will you stand to the agreement though, that I have made with the doctor?

Darn. Why not? you shall not break your word upon my account, though he might be a villain you gave it to. Suppose I should talk with sir John myself?—'tis true, he has slighted me of late.

Char. No matter—here he comes—this may open another scene of action to that I believe my brother's preparing for.

Enter Sir John and Lady Lambert.

Sir J. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir J. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir J. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, while I think you an ill liver; and consequently the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man——

Darn. Well but, sir, come to the point. Suppose the doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest?

Sir J. But why do you suppose, sir, he will give up his interest? [me, sir.

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells

Sir J. My daughter!

Darn. I appeal to her.

Char. And I appeal even to yourself, sir—Has not the doctor, just now in the garden, spoke in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain; because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe. [your head now?

Sir J. What senseless insinuation have you got into

Char. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Char. But now, sir, only for argument's sake, suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good nature, nor conscience; or in short that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained to give me to Mr. Darnley, for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. It is impious to suppose it.

Char. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him? [and virtuous.

Sir J. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good

Char. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley, without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. What, do you brave me, madam?

Char. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far

vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Sir J. I am confounded. These tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady L. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask one question. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a false-

Sir J. Never. [hood?

Lady L. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention?

Sir J. To what extravagance would you drive me!

Lady L. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but, knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But suppose I should be able to let you see his villany, make him repeat his odious love to me in your own hearing, at once throw off the mask, and show the

Sir J. Is it possible? [barefaced traitor?

Lady L. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts; make me but a witness of this fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

Lady L. Behind that screen you may easily conceal

Sir J. Be it so. [yourself.

Lady L. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave; and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the doctor to me directly.

Char. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing.

[*exeunt Darnley and Charlotte.*

Lady L. Now, sir, you are to consider what a des-

perate disease I have undertaken to cure: therefore, be sure keep close and still; and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Fear not; I will conform myself—Yet, be not angry, my love, if, in a case like this, I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assure me of the contrary.

Lady L. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady L. Now, my dear, remember your promise to have patience.

Sir J. Rely upon't.

Lady L. To your post then.

[*Sir John goes behind the screen.*

Enter Doctor Cantwell, with a book.

Dr. C. Madam, your woman tells me, that, being here and alone, you desired to speak with me.

Lady L. I did, sir—but that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door—another surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Dr. C. I have taken care, madam.

Lady L. But I am afraid I interrupt your meditation.

Dr. C. No, madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren,

Lady L. Ah, doctor, what have you done to me? the trouble of my mind since our last unfortunate conference is not to be expressed. You indeed discovered to me what, perhaps, for my own peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. C. Whither, madam, would you lead me?

Lady L. I have been uneasy too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happened, but I was really so shocked, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing: only, had I joined in your

defence against the colonel; it would have been evident that I was his enemy, and I have uses for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my own prudent part: and I knew your credit with sir John needed no support.

Dr. C. Let me presume then to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence and pure necessity.

Lady L. And perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for sir John, in order to obviate any ill constructions that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint; and I now dare tell you—but no—I won't—

Dr. C. But why, madam? let me beseech you—

Lady L. No—besides—what need you ask me—

Dr. C. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot sure think kindly of me!

Lady L. Well, well, I would have you imagine so.

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice; a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady L. Methinks, this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. C. Tears—then I must believe you—but indeed you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I pressed sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady L. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess the reason why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it. [kindness.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this

Lady L. But now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence—

Dr. C. It is a vain fear. [me than life.

Lady L. Call it not vain; my reputation is dearer to

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction. [folly.

Lady L. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband, sir John.

Dr. C. Alas, poor man! I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose any where.

Sir J. [*comes forward.*] No, caitiff, I'm to be led no

Dr. C. Ah! woman. [further.

Sir J. Is this your sanctity? this your doctrine? these your meditations? [me?

Dr. C. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against

Sir J. Your brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold: no more canting; it will not serve your turn

Lady L. Now, heaven be praised. [any longer.

Dr. C. It seems you wanted an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch! but why do I approach you! Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out

of my sight; leave my house: of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of the law, and punish you as you deserve?

Dr. C. Well; but first let me ask you, sir, who is it you menace? consider your own condition, and where you are?

Sir J. What would the villain drive at? leave me. I forgive you: but once more I tell you, seek some other place; out of my house. This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Dr. C. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, sir; this house is mine; and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me. [me from the world?

Sir J. O heavens! 'tis true: whither shall I fly to hide

Lady L. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir J. I know not—but here it seems I am a trespasser—the master of the house has warned me hence—and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady L. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him by open course of law maintain it.

Dr. C. Ha! Here! Seyward! [*exit.*

Enter Old Lady Lambert and Mawworm.

Sir J. Who is this fellow? what do you want, man?

Maw. My lady, come up.

Old Lady L. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be.

Old Lady L. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the Rev. Mr. Scruple's, about an affair of simony; and called to take up the doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. The doctor's a villain, madam; I have detected him; detected him in the horrible design of seducing [my wife.

Maw. It's unpossible.

Sir J. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say, it's unpossible. He has been locked up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night, and I never found her the worse for him.

Old Lady L. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. What is your ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady L. The doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. 'Slife, madam!

Old Lady L. Oh, he swears! he swears! years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither; aren't you ashamed of yourself? have you no commenseration on your poor soul? —Ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. 'Sdeath! and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Why would you bring this idiot, madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despised.

Enter Charlotte.

Char. Oh dear papa, I shall faint away; there's mur- [der doing.

Sir J. Who! when! what is it?

Char. The doctor, sir, and Seyward, were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid [poor Seyward is killed.

Sir J. How?

Char. Oh, there he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Enter Cantwell, Darnley, Seyward, and Servants.

Darn. Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villany [beyond example.

Sir J. What means this outrage?

Lady L. I tremble.

Sey. Don't be alarmed, madam—there is no mischief

done: what was intended, the doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see you.

Maw. So you ought: but this good man is ashamed

Dr. C. Alas! my enemies prevail. [of nothing.

Sey. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circumstantially this—The doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appeared in great disorder; told me here was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said, his dependance was upon me; and at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced sir John of several large sums, under pretence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own.—This stung him, and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and, disengaging myself from his hold, with a home-blow, I struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung about the chimney: but in the instant he reached one, I seized upon his wrist; and as we grappled, the pistol, firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family.

Old Lady L. This is a lie, young man; I see the devil standing at your elbow. [him on.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork, pushing

Dr. C. Well, what have you more against me?

Darn. More, sir, I hope is needless—but if sir John

Sir J. Oh! I have seen too much. [is yet unsatisfied.

Dr. C. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Let him go.

Enter Colonel Lambert and Attendants.

Col. L. Hold, sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Dr. C. Who, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. L. Within there!

Enter Tipstaff.

Tip. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. C. What if it be, sir? [against you.

Tip. Then, sir, I have my lord chief justice's warrant

Dr. C. Against me?

Tip. Yes, sir, for a cheat and impostor.

Old Lady L. What does he say?

Sir J. Dear son, what is this?

Col. L. Only some action of the doctor's, sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness; and I think it my duty to make the public acquainted with: if he can acquit himself of them, so; if not, he must take the consequence.

Dr. C. Well, but stay; let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance I am still master here; and if I am forced to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. There! there! indeed, he stings me to the heart! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me!

Char. No, sir!—be comforted.—Even there too his wicked hopes must leave him; for know, the fatal deed which you intended to sign is here, even yet unsealed

Sir J. What mean you? [and innocent?

Char. I mean, sir, that this deed by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me; and that in concert we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it; which, in your impatience to execute, passed unsuspected for the original. Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Dr. C. Come, sir; lead me where you please. [*exit*

Col. L. Secure your prisoner.

Old Lady L. I don't know what to make of all this.

Maw. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing—Come away, my lady, and let us see after the good dear doctor. Ay, do laugh, you'll go to the devil for all that.—Come, my lady, you go first.

[*exeunt Mawworm and old Lady Lambert.*

Char. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy. [yourself surprising.

Darn. You've banished it for ever! this was beyond

Col. L. Sister—

Char. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

Col. L. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Sey. And mine, to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Oh, my child! for my deliverance I can only reward you here.—For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest deed shall in every article be ratified.—And for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance—

Char. Nay now, my dear sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you go from one extreme to another.—What, because a worthless wretch has imposed upon you, under the fallacious show of austere grimace, will you needs have it every body is like him, confound the good with the bad, and conclude there are no truly religious in the world?—Leave, my dear sir, such rash consequences to fools and libertines.—Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard if possible against doing honour to hypocrisy—But, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life, greater or more valuable than that of the truly devout—nor any thing more noble or more beautiful, than the fervor of a sincere piety. [*exeunt.*

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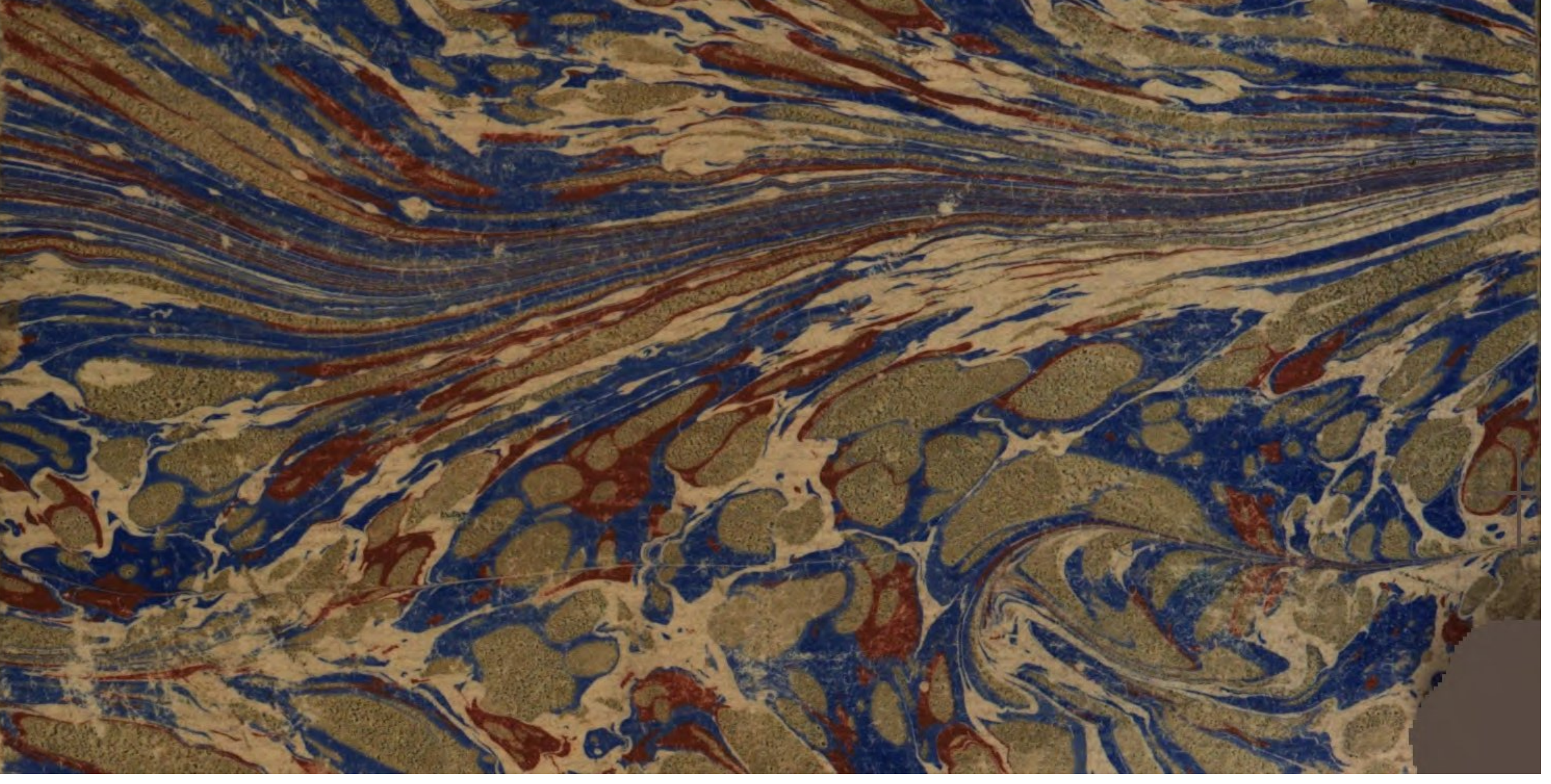

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